

...COAL CITY... House Furnishing Co.

We have the greatest aggregation of House Furnishings that it is possible to get, including everything pertaining to the home.

Furniture==All Prices!

Stoves, Carpets, Matings, Linoleum, Oil Cloths, table and floor, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, all sizes, China and Porcelain Ware

Of Every Description!

You know the advantage, when shopping, of finding everything under the same roof. Saves time, annoyance and money. Be wise.

...COAL CITY... House Furnishing Co.

Cunningham Building. W. H. Billingslea, Mgr.

WHAT MAKES PAINT WEAR?

The Oil! Linseed Oil! Just pure linseed oil! That's all! Nothing that man has been able to invent can make any paint wear longer than the linseed oil in which it is mixed. If everybody understood that oil is the only thing about paint that wears, there would be no sale for cheap ready-mixed paints. A prominent educator wrote us that "his friend, a college president, had been puzzled by using on his own residence a ready mixed paint advertised as first-class. He asked what was wrong with the paint and said: 'When the rain had soaked it thoroughly, it was the most miserable looking thing you ever saw.'"

There was nothing wrong with the paint pigments. If they had strong color and covering body. But the oil in the paint was not pure linseed oil. If it had been, no rain would have "soaked" it as pure linseed oil paint does not take up moisture. Waterproof oil clothing is clothed with linseed oil and no pure linseed oil paint will wash off as long as the oil lasts. You can't rub dry paint on a building and make it stay there no matter how good the dry paint. Why mix white lead with linseed oil if it's the lead that wears? Why not mix it with water?

Wherever we have no agent, your own dealer will get "Kinloch"

See you if shown this ad., by writing direct to Kinloch Paint Company, St. Louis, Mo

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

To the World's Fair, Very Low Rates.

Various forms of excursion tickets to St. Louis via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, now on sale from Fairmont as follows:

Season tickets, good to return until December 15, 1904, to be sold daily at rate of \$26.80, round trip.

Sixty day excursion tickets, final limit not later than December 15, 1904, to be sold daily at rate of \$22.35, round trip.

Fifteen day excursion tickets, to be sold daily at rate of \$18.75, round trip.

Ten day special coach excursion tickets on sale Every Tuesday in June, good going in day coaches only, on special coach trains, or in coaches on designated trains, limited for return passage leaving St. Louis not later than ten days, including date of sale, at rate of \$13.00, round trip.

Variable route excursion tickets, either season or sixty day, will be sold going via one direct route and returning via another direct route, full information concerning which can be obtained from ticket agent.

Stop-overs, not exceeding ten days at each point will be allowed at Washington, Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park, Oakland and Mitchell, Ind., (for French Lick and West Baden Springs) within return limit, upon notice to conductor and deposit of ticket with depot ticket agent immediately upon arrival.

Stop-overs not exceeding ten days

will be allowed at St. Louis on all one-way (except Colonists' tickets to the Pacific Coast) and round trip tickets reading to points beyond St. Louis, upon deposit of ticket with Validating Agent and payment of fee of \$1.00.

Three solid vestibuled trains are run daily from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, via Parkersburg and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

Three solid vestibuled trains are run daily from Pittsburgh, Wheeling and Columbus via Cincinnati, to St. Louis.

Magnificent coaches, sleeping cars, observation cars and unexcelled dining car service.

For illustrated folder, time table and full information, call at ticket office, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.

Popular Seashore Excursions—Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, N. J., Ocean City, Md., and Rehoboth Beach, Del., June 30, July 16 and August 11 and 25, and September 8.

At the following very low rates from Fairmont:

Only \$10 round trip, ticket good in coaches only.

Only \$12 round trip, tickets in Pullman cars when accompanied by regular Pullman ticket.

All tickets good returning 16 days, including date of sale.

Stop-overs allowed on return trip at Philadelphia and Washington.

Ask ticket agents for pamphlet giving detailed information.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

CHARLES HOWARD,
Photographer,
Corner Monroe and Jackson streets.
Opposite Grand Opera House.

BILL POSTERS.
FAIRMONT BILL POSTING CO.,
R. E. Fisher, Prop. Office, Jackson St.
Bill Posting and Distributing. Consolidated Phone No. 523.

R. E. McCRAE & BRO.
Billposters and Distributors.
321 Madison St. F. & M. Phone 290.
Our customers receive the best—That's all.

SEE JAKE
At the Madison Street Restaurant.
Regular Meals, 25 cents.
Boarding by the week, \$3.50.

FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT,
WELLS & CRISS, Proprietors.
Meals at all hours.
Special attention given lunch counter.

ROUGH RESTAURANT.
W. H. ROUSH, Proprietor.
Furnished Rooms. 200 Madison St.
Open day and night.

PINNELL'S
Livery, Sale and Exchange Stable,
Porter alley, Rear of Court-house.
Phones—Bell, 147. F. & M., 209.

FRED MEADE,
Barber.
Under Billingslea's Drug Store,
Madison street.

YOU'RE NEXT.
F. H. JACKSON, Barber,
Cor. Parks ave. and Main St. First-class work guaranteed. No novices but experienced workmen.

NEW BARBER SHOP,
Opposite Marietta Hotel. Everything First-Class. Bath Room. Union Shop.
LOYAL BENNETT, Proprietor.

WHITE FRONT RESTAURANT,
Frankenburger & Galentine, Prop'rs.
Boarding by the week. Meal Tickets. Try us and be convinced. Breakfast, 6 to 8 A. M. Dinner, 11:30 to 2 P. M. Supper, 5:30 to 7 P. M.
Special Tables for Ladies.

J. S. YATES,
Publishing and Commercial Photographer. Stereoscopes, Views, Cameras and supplies. 721 Locust avenue.

RHINEHART & HUSTEAD,
322 Market Street.
Pressing, Cleaning, Repairing and Dyeing.

ERNEST SHERWOOD,
Barber, 308 Main Street.
Opposite Bank of Fairmont.
Eight Chairs.

FAIRMONT PRESSING CO.,
U. S. G. Bennett, Prop'r, 309 Monroe street. Scouring, dyeing, repairing, &c. Rates, \$1.50 per month. Quick work. Phones. Wagon.

MOUNTAIN STATE PRESSING CO.
C. B. FIELD, Proprietor.
Cleaning, dyeing, pressing and repairing. 329 Main street, up stairs.

ERNEST SHINN,
Barber, No. 814 Fourth St. 5th Ward. All work artistically done. Eighteen years' experience. Agent for Laundry.

FAIRMONT TEA CO.,
617 Merchant street.
Teas, Spices, Refined Coffee's and Granite and Queensware. Special Attention to Customers.

MEAT MARKET,
G. N. Welsh, Proprietor.
Fresh and Cured Meats of all kinds. English street, South Side. Bell Phone, 243-2.

FAIRMONT ICE AND FUEL CO.,
M. M. Foster, Manager.
Office—304 Main street. Phones—F. & M., 398; Bell, 332-2.

"Spotted."

Portland Oregonian.] George is four years old and has just arrived at the dignity of his first knickerbockers—with suspenders just like papa wears. They were the pride of his heart and at night he would take them off his trousers and clasp them tight in his arms when he went to bed. His mother found them there the other night, and as they seemed to be making the little chap uncomfortable she took them away and laid them on a chair by his bed.

The next morning he had a long interview with his mother.

"Didn't you tell me, mamma," he said, "that angels watched everything I did?"

"Yes, George."

"Are they watching me when I sleep?"

"Yes, my son, they watch over you always, whatever you are doing."

"Do they come right in my room at night?"

"Yes, dear, the good angels are everywhere, always."

"Then," said George, meditatively, "I bet they've been monkeyin' with my 'sponders."

Base ball goods, bicycles and bicycle supplies; guns and outlery are specialties with J. L. Hall, the leading hardware store, Fairmont.

Buy your lime, Cumberland, Portland cement, at J. L. Hall's Hardware Store.

WHEN TO BEGIN TO SMOKE

Somewhat a reporter for one of the city papers obtained an extract from a letter of Edward Atkinson, LL.D., which appeared in this journal several years ago, and reproduced the same in a somewhat garbled form, says the American grocer. It referred to the time when the distinguished Boston philanthropist and economist acquired the habit of smoking; a matter of general public interest. The incident has brought from Mr. Atkinson the following characteristic letter, under date of Boston, July 28, 1904.

"The unauthorized reproduction of a paragraph from an old letter of mine, which appeared in the American Grocer three years ago, has got me into a scrape, and subjected me to calls from many pestilient reporters, and interviews on the subject of tobacco.

"I would therefore be glad to have you say in answer to many inquiries by letter and urgent demands from reporters that I began to smoke sweet-fern cigars, as most boys do, when a youngster. One day, placing myself on our country piazza beside my father, who was smoking a good Havana, I put my long sweet fern cigar into my mouth and began to puff. I did not notice that he had a little cane in his hand, and that he was watching me out of the corner of his eye. Presently the little cane came round and my sweet-fern landed in the middle of the lawn. My father then quietly remarked: 'Go and pick it up if you want to. I advise you not to smoke.' I took his advice. It was excellent, and served a most useful purpose for very many years.

"I happened to be in London when I was 65, which I consider the proper time for a youth to begin to smoke tobacco. I happened to be at a large London dinner party of notable people with some of the women of my family who sat at the other end of the table. The excellent habit in London now is for the women to remain after the smoking begins so as to listen and share in the best talk which on that occasion was going on brilliantly. I looked about and found that I was the only man at the table who was not smoking, and thinking that I might astonish one of my family I took up a cigar. I had never smoked a whole cigar in my life before. I thought to take a puff or two and put it down, but strangely enough it tasted good. I continued; it tasted better and I smoked it out and still I enjoyed it hugely. I took the brand, bought some cigars and have found smoking an exceedingly restful and seductive habit for one who has been rather too apt to keep his mind working over figures and facts. Mental dissipation, reading trashy novels, with a good cigar, is exceedingly restful. It also furnishes a psychological study for the other fellow, my double, who is always looking on. I have put the problem before my double to tell me why it is that I like to smoke and he has never been able to give me any conclusive information on that subject. He says: 'You like to smoke because you like it.' But I do not altogether like it. I do not like the taste of tobacco and yet it is a very welcome taste after dinner, with a good cup of coffee.

"I have been asked to advise young men and have been told that I was an ardent advocate of smoking. My advice to young men is not to smoke cigars and yet more cigarettes until they reach the age of 65; thereafter find out whether smoking is consistent to their particular temperament, digestion and habits, and whether they can afford to or not. If on experiment they are able to meet all the suitable conditions, then get habituated to very mild Panatela native cigars that do not cost much. When they get a taste for this kind of tobacco the more expensive and strong Havana cigar they will not care for, and they will probably find that the relative merits of cigars, like the relative merits of wine, are founded on the imagination of the men that smoke and drink, and who think they know good things when by a little suitable chicanery they may often be led to commend in the highest terms wines and cigars, which, if put before them in their own names, they would consider undrinkable and unsmokable.

"I find that tobacco gives me a great deal of restful amusement, and under the conditions which I have tried to specify in full, I recommend all young men to begin to smoke at the age of 65 and not before; then make up for lost time, and they will enjoy their cigars as much as I do.

"Yours truly,
"EDWARD ATKINSON."

Dressmaking

At 91 Second street, Fourth ward. Children's work a specialty.

The West Virginian respectfully solicits job printing of all kinds. Neat work at reasonable prices.

SCRAPS FROM THE POETRY BASKET

HONORS WERE EVEN

REPUBLICANS APPLAUD ROOSEVELT VERSE, THEN GIVE DEMOCRATS FAIR CHANCE TO WELCOME PRAISE OF PARKER.

By a lively song and equally lively chorus of "campaign cries" the performance of "A Little of Everything" at the Aerial Roof Garden last night was changed for the time being into a political demonstration in which Democrats and Republicans vied with each other in applause for their respective Presidential candidates, says the New York Herald.

It all came about when in the minstrel scene George Schiller sang a song in which he mentioned campaigns past and present. There was the campaign song of Washington's days, with the familiar "First in War, First in Peace and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen." After that the once well known "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" aroused the audience from the usual roof garden calm, which was intensified when the verse changed to the campaign of 1884 and the names of Blaine and Cleveland appeared.

The applause to this time had been perfunctory, but it heightened at the conclusion of a chorus of "What's the matter with Grover? He's all right!" There was general applause for the verse in which President McKinley was mentioned, but at the first line of the next verse there was a roar. This verse was:

When Cuba's flowery land
Rose against a tyrant band
And called on Uncle Sam for them
his best to try and do.

The bold Rough Rider Teddy,
For the battlefield was ready,
And then away, straight away, the
imperial eagle flew.

For Roosevelt came,
And won his fame,
On San Juan hill amid storm, and
strife.

A cheer then for our Teddy,
Who is ever strong and ready,
And a cheer for the "strenuous life."
Again and again one-half the audience, women and children, as well as men, made Mr. Schiller repeat his verse, but they subsided at last when the next verse began:

Now we meet another name,
Till of late unknown to fame,
But soon it will be great, you may
depend on that.

For way down in old Esopus,
Free from bluff and hocus-pecus,
You will find a man who is a right
real Democrat.

His honesty has won for him,
Great respect from men of all kinds
in the crowd.

Be his chances bright or darker,
Give a cheer for brave Judge Parker.

And let it be a tiger, good and loud.
It was a cheer from the silent half of the crowd which drowned the chorus and the orchestra and even drowned Mr. Schiller, and it was reinforced when a man in a box gave a loud cheer for no one in particular, and Mr. Schiller was compelled to sing both verses over again.

For a New York audience it was very evenly divided in the cheers. The chorus appeared to be impartial.

Parker's Long Sentence.

Indianapolis News.]

"Judge Parker seems partial to the long sentence. He begins his speech with one of 72 words, which is certainly far above the average. This is immediately followed by sentences containing 39, 73, 40, 65 and 185 words. This is an average of 79 words each for the first six sentences. Scattered through the speech are sentences containing 66, 104, 61, 102, 63, 94, 66, 103, 110, 70, 67, 49, and 61 words. There are as we count, 3,908 words in the address, and 81 sentences, which gives an average of a little over 48 words to the sentence. This is quite unusual. Macaulay was a great master of the long sentence, and yet, taking a passage from his history quite at random we find that he got into 81 sentences only 2,010 words, as against Judge Parker's 3,908, his average being a little over 25 words to the sentence, as compared with Judge Parker's average of 48. In one sense, the comparison is, of course, not fair. For the historian was extremely partial to short sentences also, simple and categorical statements. And this brings down his average. But nevertheless the style of the Democratic nominee is remarkable in this particular."

Ice cream freezers, croquet sets, refrigerators and garden hose at very low prices, at J. L. Hall's, the leading hardware store, Fairmont.

IN SPITE OF AN APPARENT DEARTH OF INSPIRING MATERIAL THE CAMPAIGN BARDS ARE DOING PRETTY WELL.

We brought it on ourselves, this flood of campaign song, mainly unsingable, that is inundating this shop, ruefully admits the New York Sun. "The convolutions of the campaign poets are beginning to convolve," we said, innocently and gayly, not suspecting trouble. Then, with a crash like thunder, fell ream on mighty ream. The typewriters clicked blank verse. The dispatches began to come in rhyme or rhythm. The stairs were dented with the feet of poets full of feet. And election day more than two months and a half away! Still, the poets are happy. They have cleansed their basoms of the perilous stuff. They are relieved. They are contributing generously to the postal revenues. Why should it be any trouble for us to show goods?

Out of thousands of samples, only a few can be given. In justice to Judge Parker, whom the Democratic poets have been a little slow in hailing, not wishing, perhaps, to compete with the Enraptured Mugwump of the Evening Post, we shall give more Parker psalms than Roosevelt psalms. Yet the best number on the program is a Populist lyric addressed to the Hon. Tom Watson, of Thomson, Ga., with incidental mention of his companion in glory:

"Right Tom, bright Tom, always full of fight Tom.

True Tom Watson of the big bronze poll;

Bite Tom, smite Tom, bully for the right, Tom!

The people are with you, you can stake your soul.

—John Johnson, Sleepy, Eye, Minn.

Mr. Tudor Thorndike, of Boston, an anti-imperialist of some local distinction in Kilby street, we believe, has built this lofty rhyme:

"There's joy in the soft brown faces
In the islands of the seas;
No more they are subject races,
To cower at a despot's knees;

So, rise my brothers, rise with your
bolos and snickersneez;
Right's once more ascendant;
You shall be independent.

You shall have juries and law reports
and costs and counsel fees."

From the Back Bay to Hellpit Hole,
Mon., is a good long jump, but it's well
to make it. Mr. Tudor Thorndike
has good blood in his veins, no doubt,
but not in his poetic vein. Here
blows a breeze from Jim Malone:

"American, German, Italian, Celt,
Norwegians, and the Banana Belt,
All the Westerners, you bet your pelt,
Are going red-hot for Roosevelt."

"B. P." of Brooklyn, a conscientious
wrestler with verbal difficulties, is the
next subject:

"Up and away, boys, play, boys, play,
boys;

For Parker and Davis, work and shout
all days, boys;

Parker, the jurist,
Is our safest and surest.

So, huzza and hooray for him and
Gassaway."

Dr. Swallow gets a single song. Are
the campaign poets so convivial?

"Now, come and at King Alcohol put
in a deadly lick,
Cut him out!

Of bishops keeping groceries we're
getting very sick,
Cut 'em out!

Down with the cursed hell-drink,
down with the Demon Rum,
Cut it out!

Down with old Satan's gin mills and
put them on the bum,
Cut 'em out!

For Swallow and Temperance, arise,
ye millions, rise;

Perish the Rum Power and long live
the Drys;

Away with Rum, put it on the bum,
Cut it out; vote it out!"

This anonymous song, sent from
York, Pa., has more merit of a rough
sort than its brethren. The most curious
piece in the collection is sent
from Elmira, and signed "Plain Dealer":

"You foul calumniators, assail him if
ye will;
Spit your venom at him, insult him
to your fill;

He is our honored chieftain, our real
leader, still;

Our Warwick, President-maker, long-
headed David Hill.

Is this wit sarcastical?

Read the West Virginian. It has
the latest news.